



## MODEL ARRESTED FOR ATTRACTING A CROWD.

Miss Julia Besnard Created Too  
Much Interest in Eighth  
Avenue.

She Is Young and Pretty and Thought  
It No Crime to Walk in  
the Roadway.

CROWD ON THE "FLAGS" CAUSED IT.

The Fair Prisoner Was a Model for Sir  
John Millais and Other Celebrated  
Artists—Was on Her Way Home  
When Arrested.

Miss Julie Besnard, an artist's model, who recently came to this country from England, was a prisoner in Jefferson Market Court yesterday morning. She was there on the formidable charge of "disorderly conduct, causing a crowd and refusing to go away."

Miss Besnard is young and pretty. She knows little of the laws and customs of this country—particularly those of Eighth Avenue—and dresses in a style which, while peculiarly her own so far as this century is concerned, is much more in keeping with the dress of damsels of a century ago. Miss Besnard came to this country highly recommended. This, in addition to her face and figure, made it comparatively easy for her to secure employment. Her first engagement was with Mr. Henry Mosler, who has a studio in the Carnegie Music Hall building.

Miss Besnard had been a great success as a model in England, but came to this country because of the higher prices that are paid to models here. In London and Paris she received only one shilling or one franc an hour. Here she could receive regular employment at \$3 a day.

Miss Besnard was sketched by Sir John Millais, the recently elected president of the Royal Academy, of England, as the face and figure model for his representation of Shakespeare's heroine, "Portia." In Alma Tadema's masterpiece, "Reading from Home," she is the central figure. She also posed for Frank Dicksee's "Hesperia" and Charles Halle's latest Academy picture, "At the Well," which will be exhibited at the next London art exhibition in May.

On her arrival in this city Miss Besnard engaged a room at No. 167 Eighth Avenue. She was permitted to do "light house-keeping" in the room, and to this end provided herself with a gas stove, some cooking utensils and dishes and a small store of provisions. In going to and from Mr. Mosler's studio she had always used a "trot car," as she called it, until Wednesday afternoon, when the weather was so fine that she decided to walk part of the way home and do some shopping along the route. She rode as far as Twenty-fifth Street, where she alighted and went into a grocery store to make some purchases. She afterward stopped in a butcher shop and one or two other shops, in which she made small purchases.

For reasons of her own Miss Besnard was clad in garments that attracted instant attention from the pedestrians on Eighth Avenue. The fine weather had brought a crowd into the street. She wore a black crepon skirt, a brick-red cashmere loose waist, over which was a short shoulder cape of cardinal velvet, elaborately embroidered with jet beads and fringed around with black Persian lamb's fur. Her hat was a huge black "Gainsborough," ornamented with a profusion of ostrich plumes.

The attention that Miss Besnard attracted was not particularly marked until she reached Twenty-third Street on her way down the Avenue. She had her arms full of packages and had some difficulty in getting through the crowd at the crossing.

Instead of getting on the sidewalk when she had passed Twenty-third Street she veered out into the main road, and with a staid particularly English hurried along toward her home. She had not gone over a hundred feet before a crowd of some fifty boys and young men was following her. People on the sidewalk stopped and stared and others followed their example until every one for two blocks in the Avenue was looking wonderingly at the model.

The boys and young men who were following her finally got so close as to attract her attention. She turned and gazed at the crowd in astonishment for a moment and then asked some of the boys nearest her why they were following her.

The boys laughed and made remarks to one another, but gave no subject of their amusement no explanation of their conduct. Miss Besnard finally moved on a little way, but the crowd, which had increased enormously, followed her so closely that she stopped again. She looked wonderingly at those around her for a few seconds and then started hurriedly across the Avenue.

She was crossing the car tracks when Policeman James Churchill, of the West Twentieth Street Station stopped her. Miss Besnard appeared greatly frightened, but finally plucked up courage to ask the officer why he had stopped her. He told her that she was attracting a crowd and that she must "move on." She declined to move on and the officer arrested her.

At the station house she was placed in charge of the matron, who provided her with supper and sent a message for her to Mr. Mosler. Miss Besnard had to spend the night in a cell, as Mr. Mosler was unable to secure bail for her.

When arraigned before Magistrate Crane yesterday morning Miss Besnard looked in wide-eyed amazement at the policeman, court officers and others about her. Officer Churchill told the circumstances of the arrest, and when the Magistrate called Miss Besnard up in front of him she quietly protested that her arrest was an outrage.

"I am ignorant of the laws of New York," she said, "and had no idea that it was a crime to walk in the middle of the street to avoid the crowd on the flags."

Magistrate Crane mildly cautioned Miss Besnard against attracting any more crowds in the street and told her to go home. Mr. Mosler, who was in the court room to testify as to Miss Besnard's character, was



MISS JULIE BESNARD, THE PRETTY ARTIST'S MODEL, WHO WAS ARRESTED FOR 'DISORDERLY CONDUCT'

not called upon. He escorted her out of the building.

When Miss Besnard was seen yesterday at Mr. Mosler's studio and asked for her side of the story of her arrest she said:

"The whole affair is really too horrible to talk about, and never in my wildest dreams could I have imagined that such an outrage could be perpetrated in a civilized city."

"I had left here as usual when my sitting was over, feeling terribly tired and hungry, and I longed to get to my room to cook my dinner. I hurried along as best I could, for the flags were very crowded and my arms were full of parcels. I carried a big box containing a dress belonging to Mr. Collier, the artist, in one hand, and I had also several packages containing food, for I had been shopping as I went along."

"Somewhere near Twentieth Street, because it was so very difficult getting along, I stepped out into the side of the road, and walked on the asphalt, to avoid the crowd. I was taking no notice of any one, and certainly not wishing to attract attention when I seemed to feel that some one was following me."

"I looked quickly around, and to my horror saw a crowd of boys and rough people laughing and pointing at me. Of course I stopped and wondered how I could escape. I was really awfully frightened, and as I stood the people all surrounded me."

"Just as I was wondering what I should do a horrid policeman, oh! such a big one, pushed through and seized me by the arm. The horrid fellow hurt awfully, you know. I was terribly indignant, and asked him how he dared to touch me; but he would not listen to a word. I had never been treated so in my life and I was frightened to death."

"He dragged me to the police station, and there he had the audacity to say I was holding my skirts too high. The ideal I never touched my dress. Why, I couldn't. My hands were full of parcels. Oh, he was a horrid man!"

"Then they pushed me into a horrid cell, and there were a lot of frightful women there, you know. And they talked in the most disgusting manner all the night. I sent for the woman—what do you call her? the matron—and I asked her if she wouldn't stop them, but she said she couldn't. Then this morning I had to ride through the streets with all these awful women in an open wagon. I put a veil over my face, be-

cause I was really ashamed to be seen, don't you know. When the Magistrate told me to go I came right up here. Mr. Mosler was very kind to me."

Policeman Churchill, who is one of the tallest men on the force, said yesterday:

"About 5:30 I saw a crowd of about three or four hundred people at Twentieth Street and Eighth Avenue surrounding a woman, who appeared to act wild and was dressed in a crazy way. I understood that she had been walking down the middle of the Avenue, lifting her skirts to her knees and attracting attention. I simply arrested her as a disorderly person. I was not rough with her."

Mr. Mosler said in speaking of Miss Besnard's arrest:

"Miss Besnard sent to me last night to go bail for her, and I would gladly have done so, but artists are not as a rule owners of real estate. Miss Besnard is a wonderfully beautiful woman, and would attract attention anywhere. But that is no reason why she should be mobbed on the streets. I suppose the apparition of a dainty dame, who might have stepped out of a picture book of the last century, was too much for the hard-boiled habits of Eighth Avenue."

She has two sisters and a number of nephews and nieces living in Ireland. When they heard of her death they engaged Lawyer Joseph L. Keane, of No. 154 Nassau Street, to look after their interests.

Lawyer Keane says that he expects to get the \$3,000 for his clients very soon. But he is looking for more. He thinks the scrub woman who was able to save \$3,000 could, and probably did, save more. He is now looking for people who knew Ellen during the last years of her life. She sometimes went under the name of Agnes McGowan, and was about sixty years old.

**Soldiers Will Produce a Tragedy.**

The ninth company, Seventh Regiment, N. G., S. N. Y., will produce at the Carnegie Lyceum the tragedy, "The Poisoner of Zenda," written by Guy Caryl, a member of Company K, Seventh Regiment, on Friday and Saturday evenings, March 27 and 28, with Saturday matinee. The cast will be as follows: Rudolph Rasendyl, William F. Wall; King Rudolph, E. P. Hatch; Colonel Sapt, Clinton S. Martin; Black Michael, R. McAlpin; Fritz von Turenheim, E. A. Patterson; Rupert Hentzau, F. D. Preston; Prince Flavia, Arthur W. Little; Antoinette de Mauben, A. B. Ashforth; chorus of foresters and maids.

**Mrs. Kelso Adjudged Insane.**

Ada King Kelso, who attempted suicide, after having killed her two children, in February, was declared insane by a Sheriff's jury yesterday. George Bradford Kelso, her husband, will probably be appointed a committee of her person and estate. Her property is said to be worth about \$5,000.

## A SCRUB WOMAN'S WEALTH

Ellen Halley's Heirs Think She Left More  
Than \$3,000 When She Died on  
Blackwell's Island.

Four years ago Ellen Halley was brought into one of the police courts and pleaded guilty to the charge of being a confirmed drunkard. The Magistrate sent her to the Island for sixty days. That was in June. On the 22d day of the following August she died.

The officials on the Island sent her body to Bellevue and it was cut up on the dissecting table. A week later one of the hospital officials examined the little bundle of clothing that accompanied the woman's body and found two Bleeker Street Savings Bank books that showed a balance of \$3,000 to the dead woman's credit. Investigation showed that she came to this country from the County Waterford, Ireland, thirty-five years ago. Her people were farmers. She was young and pretty, and after she landed worked as a servant in the houses of several wealthy men. She made money and saved it. Ten years ago she took to drink and worked thereafter as a scrubwoman.

She has two sisters and a number of nephews and nieces living in Ireland. When they heard of her death they engaged Lawyer Joseph L. Keane, of No. 154 Nassau Street, to look after their interests. Lawyer Keane says that he expects to get the \$3,000 for his clients very soon. But he is looking for more. He thinks the scrub woman who was able to save \$3,000 could, and probably did, save more. He is now looking for people who knew Ellen during the last years of her life. She sometimes went under the name of Agnes McGowan, and was about sixty years old.

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## SURE TO BE CALLED "THE DICKIE BIRDS."

District Messenger Boys Will  
Gain That Soubriquet  
Through New Uniforms.

Superintendent Raynes Intends to  
Make the Boys Fit to Appear in  
the Best Society.

MUST WEAR CLEAN WHITE DICKIES.

They Will Have Different Style Uniforms  
for Summer and Winter, but the  
Change Will Cost the Boys Less  
Than They Are Paying Now.

The messenger boy of the future will be fit to parade himself before the best families, and need not feel behind the times even in the presence of a Waldorf Hotel bell boy. Superintendent Raynes, the recently appointed chief of the American District Telegraph Company, of this city, is at the head of the reform, and his action will doubtless make an immediate hit with the boys, who look upon him as the High Priest of rapid delivery.

"I want the service to become something beyond the standing joke that people seem to make it," said the superintendent yesterday. "In order to bring about that result I have begun by enforcing a little more style. At present our boys are attired in all sorts of tops, and not one in twenty looks fit to send to his own street. What I propose doing, and what is already under way, is to dress the youngsters in uniforms fitting the season. On the 1st of May every messenger in the service will be supplied with a full suit of lightweight summer clothing, blue in color. The shoulders and sleeves will be trimmed with red braid. All coats must be kept constantly buttoned, and in order to make this latter rule obligatory, the boys will be supplied with dickey collars every morning when they report, and it will thus be necessary to keep the coat buttoned so that the collar will be kept in place. You see, they will have to look dressey anyhow. There will be no charge for clean linen, as it will all be supplied by the company."

**WILL COST THE BOYS LESS.**  
"Another thing that will probably be good news to the boys is the fact that instead of making them pay \$1.25 a week for their clothing, the charge after the first of May will be fifty cents."

"A corps of tailors is to be employed, whose duty it will be to visit district offices about twice a month to press and clean every suit worn by the messengers. Promotions will all be made from the uniformed ranks and there is practically no limit to the point which an employee can rise if his action justifies it."

"The summer uniforms are to be worn six months, after which time the braid will be stripped off and the entire costume presented to the boy who has worn it. In winter thicker material will be supplied, but the same general effect maintained. A genteel appearance will be insisted upon at all times and cleanliness will be enforced. Brown canvas caps for summer use will be replaced by blue cloth caps during the cold season. Only the best boys will be selected for positions in the service, and the public will soon become satisfied with what we propose to make the swiftest and most efficient messenger service in New York City."

**JUNIORS SPEAK FOR MONEY.**

Ten Eyck Prize Oratory Contest Won by a  
New Haven Boy.

New Haven, Conn., March 26.—The annual Ten Eyck Junior Prize Speaking contest at Yale took place this afternoon at Battell Chapel. All recitations at college were omitted for the afternoon. There was a large attendance.

Among the contestants and their subjects were Walter D. Matherne, Springfield, Mass., "The Position of 'Pilgrim's Progress' in English Literature and in the Development of English Religion and Thought;" Charles V. Clark, Brooklyn, N. Y., "The Opening of Museums and Libraries on Sunday;" Martin B. Faris, Brooklyn, N. Y., "Cuba;" Nathan A. Smyth, New Haven, Conn., "The Democratic Idea in College Life."

The latter won the first prize of \$50.

## BRAVE FIREMAN'S REWARD

Battalion Chief Ahearn, After Years of Service, Gets an Easier Post and High Compliment.

Although Battalion Chief Thomas J. Ahearn has been transferred from the busiest fire district in the city to the least busy district of all—above the Harlem River—the Board of Fire Commissioners are determined that the change shall not be understood by the public as reflecting upon the record or capabilities of the chief. A resolution was unanimously passed by the Board on Wednesday officially recognizing the long and faithful services of this fireman, who has been twenty-three years on the force, and expressing a sense of obligation both by the Board, in common with all good citizens, for his brilliant and meritorious services. This resolution will be handsomely engrossed and sent to the chief next week.

Chief Ahearn is a modest, undersized man, with dark hair and blue eyes, whose face is still handsome in spite of many scars received in fierce fights with the flames.

He has been in charge of the thickly populated tenement district on the lower East Side, where 500 fire calls were registered from one hook and ladder house last year. He was appointed May 9, 1873, and assigned to Hook and Ladder Company No. 7, serving afterward in companies No. 11, 25 and 28, and on Hook and Ladder No. 11. On April 1, 1881, he was made assistant foreman of Hook and Ladder No. 6, and became foreman February 25, 1889, in command of Engine Company No. 32. Afterward he commanded engine No. 53, and on January 2, 1893, was promoted to be chief of a battalion.

At the great fire in the works of the Consolidated Gas Company, at the foot of East Twenty-first Street, on July 23, 1890, Ahearn rescued James Devore at great risk, and displayed such unusual bravery that he was awarded the Bennett Medal for that year. He was struck on the head by a falling pipe at that fire, and his hearing was greatly impaired. He will never fully regain it.

**DR. PARKHURST TO FIGHT.**

Will Energetically Oppose the Return of  
Byrnes to the Head of the  
Police.

The report that ex-Superintendent of Police Thomas F. Byrnes is to be placed at the head of a metropolitan police force to be provided for by the present Legislature, was generally credited in political circles yesterday, but Republican leaders diplomatically refused to give any details about the plans. Edward Lauterbach refused to discuss the proposed police measure, but he was very willing to talk about the fitness of Mr. Byrnes to be chief of a department including all the territory in the Greater New York.

"I consider Mr. Byrnes," said Mr. Lauterbach, "as being one of the best police officers, by training, education and experience, that there is."

Dr. Parkhurst last night expressed an entirely different view, however, and added that if any scheme to place Byrnes at the head of the Police Department again is undertaken it will be fought with all the vigor of the Society for the Prevention of Crime. Dr. Parkhurst said:

"Mr. Platt is ready to do almost anything to rule New York, but I think he will hesitate before going so far. Still, if any Legislature would do it, this is the one, for never before have there such subversive men as those now at Albany."

"My advice to the Republicans is to let the Police Department alone. It is getting along very well as it is."

Mr. Byrnes's friends are of the opinion that he is aiding in the drafting of a bill providing for the organization of a department taking in all of the Greater New York.

**SHE RENOUNCES THE WORLD.**

An Aristocratic Young Woman Takes the  
Vows of a Nun.

St. Louis, March 26.—Miss Mamie Cabanne, daughter of one of the oldest and most aristocratic families in St. Louis, took the vows of a nun at the Visitation Convent yesterday. She has been for several years a leading society belle and social circles are all astir over the event.

She was robed as a bride and the ceremonies were very impressive. Archbishop Kain, assisted by seven priests, received her into the order. She is the sister of Louis Dutail Cabanne, the famous bicycle rider.

## DECLARED GUNN WAS A MONSTER.

Mrs. Dutcher's Temper, Stirred  
by a Story Told by the Head  
of the Polyclinic.

She Asserted He Acted "Awful" To-  
ward Her and That He Was  
Chided by Dr. John Hall.

INSURANCE SUIT WAS CONTINUED.

Mrs. Bachrach's Lawyer Presented an En-  
tirely New Claim and Was Given a  
Week in Which to Prepare the  
Form of a Brief.

Mrs. Bachrach, widow of Henry B. Bachrach, and Mrs. Fannie Ogden Dutcher to recover \$10,000, the amount of two life insurance policies assigned to Mrs. Dutcher by Mr. Bachrach before he died. The trial of the case began yesterday, and Mrs. Dutcher, who is a well-known society woman, took the stand and told Bachrach had a friendly regard for her and gave her the policies to provide for her old age.

Fannie Ogden Dutcher, the society woman to whom Henry B. Bachrach assigned two \$5,000 policies on his life in order, as she says, to provide for her old age, lost her temper in Justice Andrews's court yesterday during the second day's hearing of the action instituted against her by Bachrach's widow, Elizabeth K. Bachrach.

Mrs. Dutcher's ire was aroused by the testimony given by Superintendent John Gunn, of the New York Polyclinic and Medical School, in which institution Bachrach died. Gunn said that immediately after Bachrach died, Mrs. Dutcher called on him for the effects of the deceased. She was especially anxious to get the keys of Bachrach's desk, so she could take away some letters.

"Did she say why she was so anxious to get those letters?" was asked.

"I asked her why," answered Gunn, gazing at the ceiling, "and she said—well, they were bad."

Mrs. Dutcher turned crimson, and Lawyer Van Allen jumped to his feet with fire in his eye. Mr. Van Allen objected vigorously to the introduction of such evidence, asserting that it was wholly irrelevant. Justice Andrews agreed with him.

**TOOK A RIDE WITH HER.**  
Mr. Gunn continued:

"Mrs. Dutcher came the second time, about 5:30 o'clock in the afternoon, to make a second demand for the effects of Mr. Bachrach, particularly his keys. I told her I was going home, that I lived in Harlem, that my time was precious, and that I intended to go right uptown on the elevated road. In short, I tried to bluff her off. Her carriage was at the door, and she gave me a rather pressing invitation to take a pleasant ride through the Park, and I rode with her to the Eighty-first Street station on the west side."

"Do you remember," asked Lawyer Van Allen, bending a ferocious gaze upon Gunn, "that, while you were taking that ride with Mrs. Dutcher, you tried to sit very close to her?"

"I do not," said Gunn, angrily.

"And that she forbade you to do so?"

"Nothing of the kind."

Mrs. Dutcher arose with a wrathful look and demanded to be put on the stand, in order to vindicate herself. Her lawyer asked permission for her to testify, and it was granted.

Mrs. Dutcher hurried to the witness chair and faced her lawyer impatiently.

"Mrs. Dutcher," said Lawyer Van Allen, "you heard the testimony of Mr. Gunn when he was on the stand?"

"I did," answered Mrs. Dutcher, with a scornful toss of her head.

"When did you call at the hospital?"

"On the day after Mr. Bachrach's death, Gunn said Mrs. Bachrach refused to bury her husband, and I said I would do so if she didn't. He said he would send me a telegram, if she refused after further importunity from him. I received a telegram from him, asking me to call again, and I went to the hospital to declare my intention of seeing that Mr. Bachrach was properly buried. I found there had been no refusal on the part of Mrs. Bachrach, and that Gunn had merely used that as a pretext to get me to call again."

Mrs. Dutcher declared that Gunn had asked her to let him ride in her carriage as far as the elevated station, on the plea that he had something to say to her. During the ride, she said, his conduct was such that she told him he was acting very strangely. After that she said:

"He made every possible, dreadful, awful insinuation to me that could possibly be made to a woman. His conduct was such that on the next day Rev. Dr. Hall, who is my pastor, went to the hospital and told him he ought to be ashamed of himself to treat a lady so."

Then Mrs. Dutcher left the stand for good. While she was putting on her gloves, she turned to two well-dressed women who had accompanied her into court, and exclaimed:

"Oh, it was simply dreadful! That man is a monster!"

**CASE CONTINUED A WEEK.**

James A. Graybill, Lawyer Kelley's partner, who conducted the losing fight against Mrs. Van Norden on the other Bachrach policies, was called to prove that Bachrach was insolvent when he made the assignment of the five thousand-dollar policies to Mrs. Dutcher. Lawyer Kelley argued that, as that was the case, the transfer was fraudulent to creditors and could not stand.

Mr. Graybill swore that the only asset of Bachrach's estate, other than the clothes and little personal effects of the deceased, was \$167.35 in the National Union Bank. Then Justice Andrews ruled that the lawyer's testimony was not admissible, that it presented an entirely different phase of the case, and that if Lawyer Kelley desired to make that point the issues, he would have to begin another suit or admit leave to amend his complaint and allow the defendant to file an amended answer.

Lawyer Kelley asked for a week's time in which to submit a brief, and Lawyer Van Allen consenting, permission was granted.

## Proposed Improved Uniform for District Messenger Boys.

Here is shown the contrast which the boys who will carry messages in the near future will present to some of those with whom New Yorkers have been familiar in the past. The company will keep them supplied with clean dickies at its own expense.

